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THE GODS in DEBATE:

OR,

No Bribe like Beauty.

A

NEW BALLAD,

ON THE

Prince of *Orange*'s Arrival.

LONDON.

Printed for *J. Roberts*, in *Warwick-Lane*; and Sold by *W. Waring*, in *Fermyn-Street St. James's.*

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I.

STERN * *Æole* of late,
Mov'd by Envy or Hate,
Confin'd all those Winds in his Cave;
Who, to waft *Nassau* o're
To *Britain*'s lov'd Shore,
Stole out without asking his Leave.

* God of the Winds.

II.

Loud * *Boreas* complain'd,
For he clofely was chain'd,
While *Zephyr* was ſent on his Station;
But moſt † *Eurus* ſtorm'd,
With ſuch Zeal was he warm'd,
To bleſs, as he once † ſav'd our Nation.

III.

With a pitiful Face,
Hymen told *Naſſau*'s Caſe,
And beg'd of the Gods to befriend him;
Stay, ſays ‖ *Pallas*, let's call
An Aſſembly of All,
And conſult there what Aid we ſhall lend him.

IV.

God ** *Plutus*, who thought
All the World might be bought,
To bribe *Æole* firſt offer'd his Hoard;
'Tis, cries *Mars*, an Affront,
For my *Naſſaus* are wont
To carry their Point by the Sword.

* The North Wind.
† The East Wind, which at the late glorious Revolution brought over King *William*, and was thence called the *Proteſtant Wind*.
‖ Goddeſs of Wiſdom.
** God of Riches.

VI.

Cry'd *Hercules*, right,
I'll join in the Fight,
'Tis my Int'reſt a *Naſſau* to aid;
For at Eaſe I may live,
Whilſt the *Naſſaus* ſurvive,
Since They'll free the World in my Stead.

VII.

Up roſe *Muſick*'s ſoft God,
And to help *Naſſau*, vow'd
Seneſino ſhou'd try all his Skill;
Ah! what Feats can be done,
Cry'd *Hymen*, by one
Who is * *Vox & præterea nihil*?

VIII.

In came *Neptune*, and ſwore
That to ſpeed *Naſſau* o're,
His *Tritons* no Labour ſhould ſpare;
But his † Wife was ſo zealous,
She made him quite jealous,
For ſhe offer'd a Part of her Care.

* A Voice and nothing elſe.
† *Amphitrite.*

VIII.

Little *Cupid* ſtrait cries,
If *Æole* denies
To furniſh auſpicious Gales,
My Wings are as well,
And the Breeze ſtill to ſwell,
Lovers ſend all your Sighs to his Sails.

IX.

Bacchus, vex'd to the Soul,
Says nought but the Bowl
Naſſau's Paſſage ſhall force thro' the Flood;
" 'Ere the Ocean ſhall bar it,
I'll change it to Claret,
And the *Britons* will drink him a Road.

X.

Venus cry'd with a Sneer,
Your Boaſting forbear,
And to me leave my favourite Nation;
Your wiſe Noddles ne'er vex,
You're but Tools to our Sex,
Who alone have the Art of Perſwaſion.

XI.

XI.

" This * Apple, you know,
" To fair *Helen* I owe,
" My Bribe to the * *Phrygian* Swain;
" By this Prize you may ſee,
" That when Beauty's the Fee,
" All Efforts againſt it are vain.

XII.

" *Juno* got *Æole*'s † Aid,
" When ſhe gave him her Maid,
" To ſooth the rough God in her Arms;
" If ſhe cou'd prevail,
" I've a Nymph cannot fail,
" Since ſhe's grac'd with ſuperior Charms.

XIII.

Each conſulted his Heart,
And ſoon took her Part,
And own'd ſhe the *Secret* had hit on;
But all jointly agreed
She'd be ſure to ſucceed,
If ſhe choſe but the Nymph out of *Britain*.

* *Paris*, who adjudg'd the Prize of Beauty to *Venus*.
† *Virg. Æneid.* 1.

XIV.

Leſt the Choice of a Fair
Might again raiſe ſome Jar,
Jove himſelf ſent the Winds to their Duty;
For, cry'd he with a Smile,
I know in that Iſle
Each God has a favourite Beauty.

XV.

" Let my *Britons* rejoice,
With a general Voice,
'Tis to *Brunſwick* this Bleſſing they owe;
Let *Liberty* ſmile
On each Face in their Iſle,
For no Chains but of Love they ſhall know.

XVI.

" From this Pair ſhall ſucceed
" (So the Fates have decreed)
" A Scourge to keep Tyrants in Awe;
" And while *Liberty*'s Care
" Shall fall to my Share,
The World ne'er ſhall want a *Naſſau*.

FINIS.